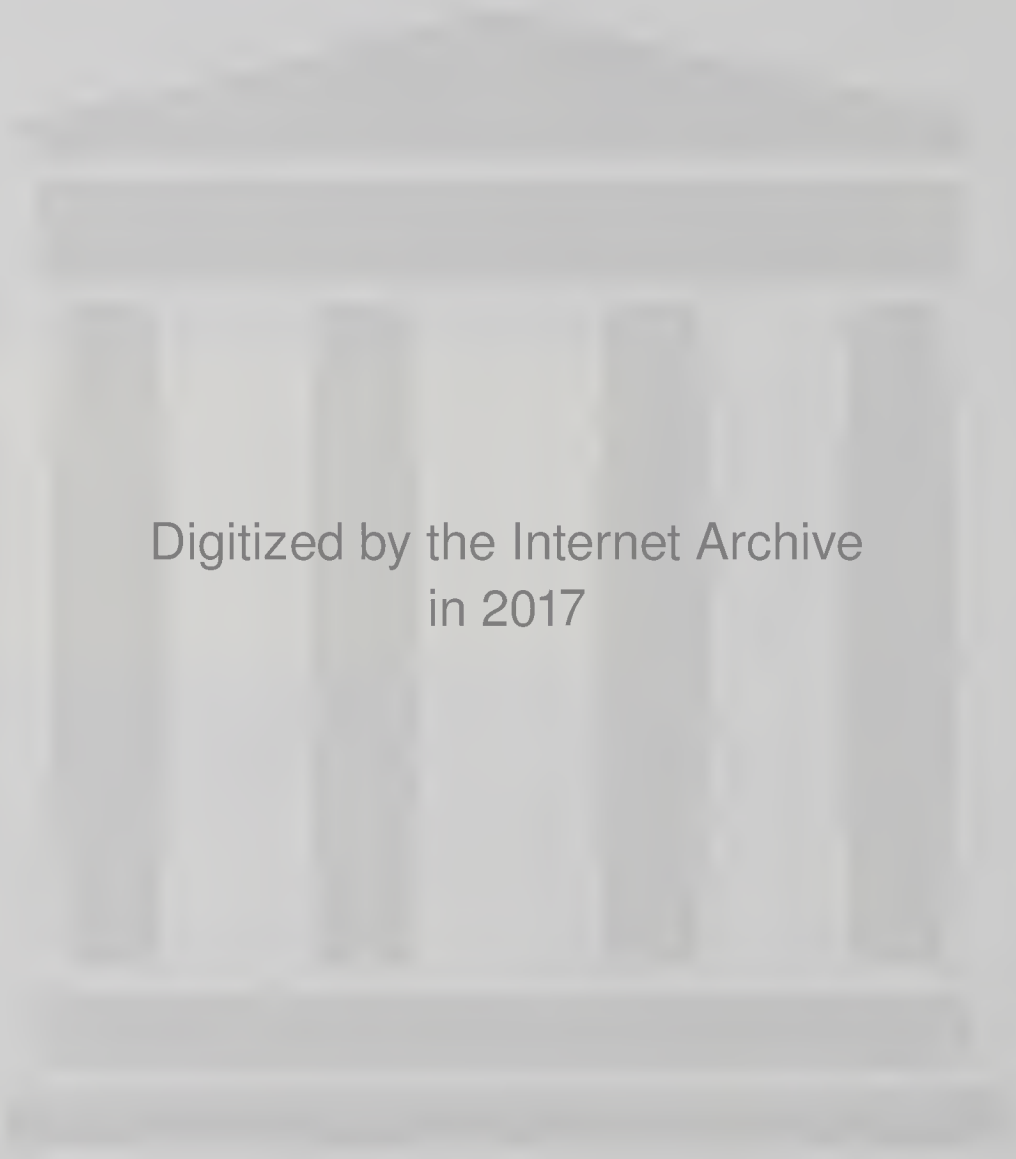

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Lovers' Lane

THE DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION

STATE OF INDIANA

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Prepared Under the Direction of

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Turkey Run State Park

In northern Parke County where the crystal waters of Turkey Run enter the amber flow of Sugar Creek lies Turkey Run State Park. It is a tract of virgin wilderness, hiding beneath its voluminous foliage great rocky canyons, carpeted with ferns, luxuriant grasses and rare and beautiful mosses and lichens. Each canyon has its diamond clear brook fed by springs that trickle down the rocks and form an accompaniment to the melodies of a host of song birds. Along the creek banks, in the canyons, perched high on the edge of cliffs, mighty trees—beech, walnut, sycamore, maple, poplar and oaks—rear their great heads in lordly attitude and rule the scene by the divine right of size and beauty.

One may roam for hours through deep woods and canyons. Each turn presents a picture of unusual beauty—the sun plays through the graceful artistry of elm tree leaves and branches, exhibiting the liquid green of the leaves and throwing their intricate pattern on the path in play of light and shade—a black walnut of stupendous girth rears itself free of its smaller brethren and stands, a veteran of three hundred years of struggle with the elements—a clear, cold spring drops from a niche in the canyon wall with merry trickle and runs off to join the brook that daintily threads its way over the floor of the canyon, nourishing along the way clumps of fern and a moss blanket to cover the bareness of the rocky wall—great cliffs rise perpendicular from the canyon floor, overhung by hemlocks that cling with great snake-like roots on the very edge, decorated with festoons of woodbine that hang from every niche, besprinkled with patches of fern and lichen like a huge tapestry.

The trees of Turkey Run are beyond compare for size and beauty. The largest are the yellow poplar or tulip tree, the finest of which are over one hundred feet in height and with trunks so straight as though erected by the plumb-bob. Many have no limbs lower than seventy-five feet, the trunks rising to this height, perfect columns with diameters of thirty to forty-eight inches, tapering but little—nature's pillars to hold up the blue canopy of the sky.

Gypsy Gulch
(For comparison note figure in foreground)

Gray-splotched old beech trees throw out their long graceful branches, offering their dense shade for the passersby. The black walnut rivals the tulip tree for size, and with its great crooked branches is not unlike the old warrior, blackened by time and weather, with body erect and tall and arm sinuous, scarred and gnarled from long strife. Magnificent sycamores crowd each other for room along the creek bank. They are at their best in the moonlight when the trunks gleam like great shafts of silver pillaged from the halls of some Persian Emperor. Oaks are in abundance. It is the tree of character, for each presents its own history in the artistry of its curves and the beauty of silhouette. Elms are there, shaped like vases which seem to overflow with rich green foliage. In this region is found one of the few groves of hemlock—commonly called fir—the finest of evergreens. The foliage is as dainty as old lace and plays in the slightest breeze. These trees are found on the brink of cliffs, hanging on and over the edge with powerful root tentacles.

There is in the park probably the largest wild cherry in the State. The trunk rises as straight as a poplar for eighty-five or ninety feet. No limbs appear below a height of seventy feet.

For the nature lover there is abundant plant, insect and bird life. Sugar Creek abounds in bass, catfish and suckers that will furnish many a thrill to the angler. For tired folk here are rest and quiet and beauty. Children find it a never-ending source of delight, where they may run and play to their heart's content without fear of auto or street car. Paleness and tiredness soon give way to healthy brown and a reserve of physical energy, for pure air and sunshine cannot be escaped and wholesome food and clear, pure cold water are at hand.

History of Turkey Run

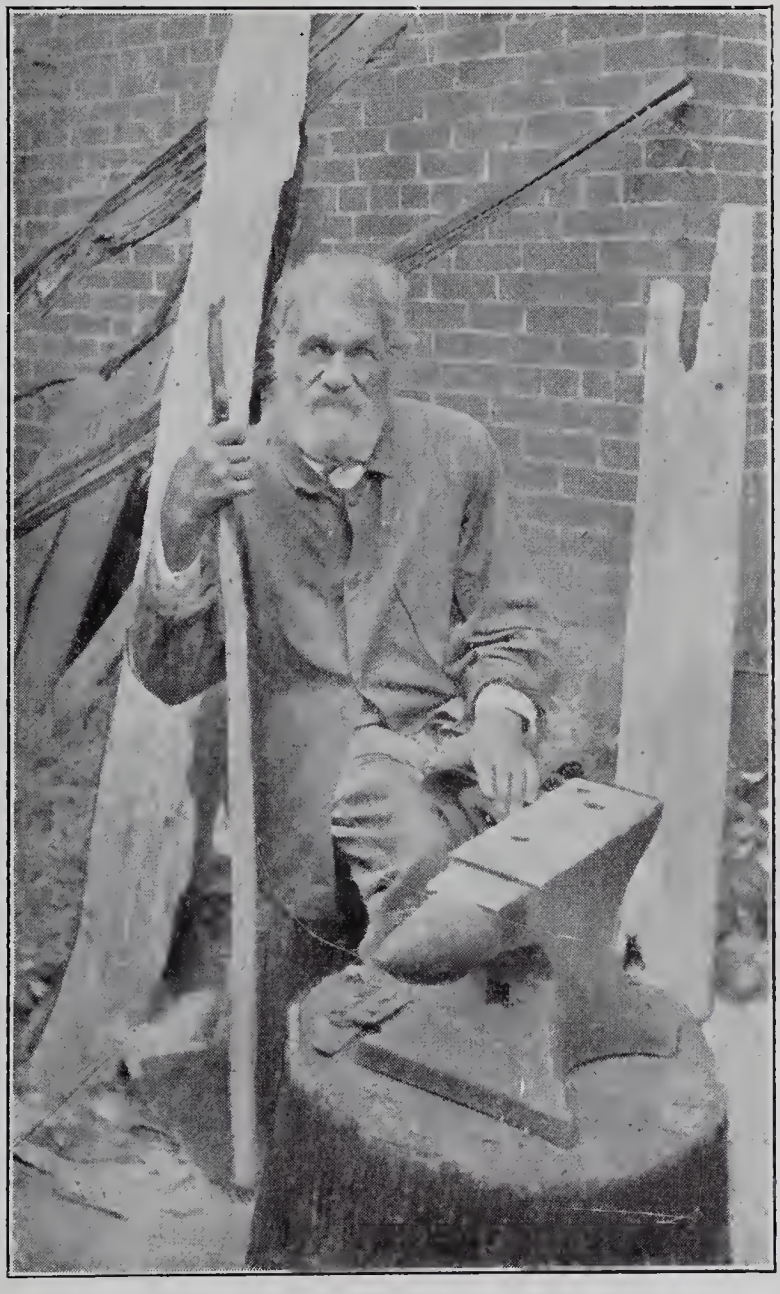
Spring of 1826 found young Captain Salmon Lusk, U. S. A., and his bride traveling northward from Ft. Harrison, now Terre Haute, in search of a place to make their home. They were bound for the wilderness, which is now Parke County, there to fashion for themselves a home on the land given ex-soldiers in recognition of their services to their country. They came to the wild and beautiful banks of Sugar Creek.

Sugar Creek

"Pungosecone" the Indians called that stream, "the waters of many sugar trees." To the young couple the spot seemed a bit from Paradise. Their search was ended. Here in the wilds, here in the smiling green-clad forests, they made their home. They were the original owners and first white occupants of the spot we know as "Turkey Run."

On the banks of the "Narrows," Captain Lusk built a mill. The site was an ideal one for water-power, and the annual spring floods enabled him to build and float huge flatboats to

convey his flour down the river to New Orleans. Captain Lusk prospered. He built a new home of brick on the high bank to the north of the swift and beautiful Narrows. That home later became the property of his son, John Lusk, that



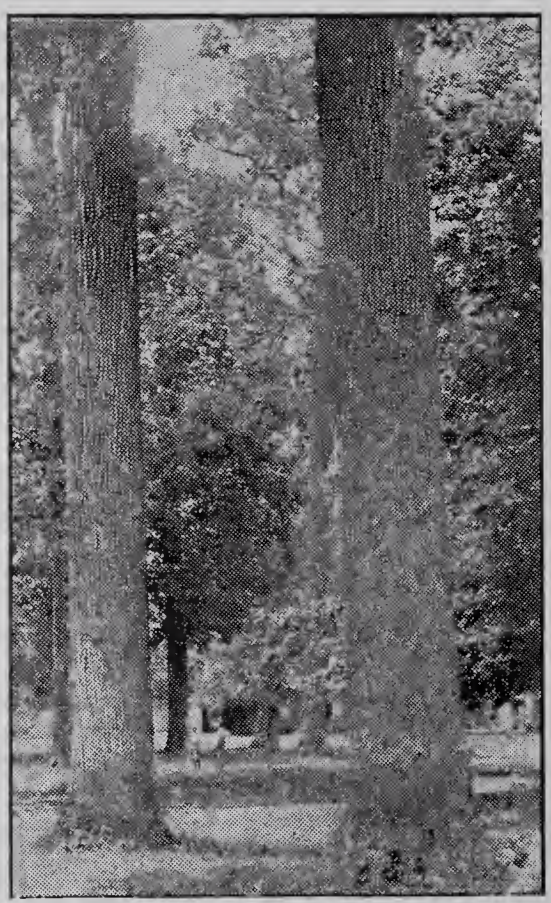
John Lusk

eccentric hermit, whose devotion to nature and pride of his inheritance preserved for us the beauties of Turkey Run.

Had it not been for John Lusk, and his unwillingness to part with any part of the vast tract of virgin forest land that was left to him, there would have been no Turkey Run today. For

thirty-five years he resisted the most importunate offers of the timber men to buy his land or the timber from it. Fabulous sums were offered him for his land or for the right to cut timber therefrom, but he cared not one whit for money or what it would buy. He preferred to keep intact the inheritance carved out of the trackless wilderness which his father had left to him.

Long before Turkey Run was made a summer resort,



Twin Poplars

which has only been in the last twenty-five years, many visitors came to view its charms. John Lusk always welcomed them and freely gave them permission to roam at will through its vales and glens. The old Indianapolis, Decatur & Springfield Railroad first conceived the idea of making a summer resort of the place. In 1881 and 1882 they erected an eating house there and purchased a number of tents for the use of guests who intended to stay longer than a day. They called the place "Bloomingdale Glens," and so advertised it. For a time that was the most popular name with persons outside

of the county, although the historical name of "Turkey Run" was always the more popular with the residents of the county. Now, however, there has been a return to the old name.

The legend of the old name is that in the old days when thousands of wild turkeys were yet to be found they collected in great droves under the overhanging rocks. As the rocks were a splendid protection to the birds, the earlier settlers named the region "Turkey Run."

Financial reasons caused the railroad company to abandon their lease, and John Lusk leased it to William Hooghkirk. Mr. Hooghkirk operated the resort under the same plan as the railroad company had done from 1884 until 1910. In that year it was leased to R. P. Luke; who is now Superintendent of State Parks. Under his management the park became more popular than ever, and people came from great distances to see the beautiful spot.

After the death of John Lusk in 1915, knowing that Mr. Luke's lease expired in 1917 and that the tract was liable to fall prey to the timber interests who had so long tried to buy it, Governor Ralston appointed a commission to buy the property for a state park.

Originally this Commission consisted of Mrs. Juliet Strauss, Mr. William Watson Woollen, and Miss Vida Newsom. It was appointed April 28, 1915. On January 14, 1916, Mr. Albert Cannon and Mr. Richard Lieber were added.

The Commission made an investigation and found that the Lusk estate had been divided into nine tracts. Tract No. 3, containing about 288 acres and including most of the scenic values, was regarded as park land and had been appraised at $18,000.

As there were no funds by which the State could purchase the ground, the Commission suggested that the amount be raised by popular subscription. After several months of fruitless attempts to gather the necessary funds the Commission became inactive.

Early in March, Doctor Frank B. Wynn, Acting Chairman of the Indiana Historical Commission, perfected an arrangement with Mr. Lieber whereby he would choose his own committee to continue the work and whereby the Indiana Historical Commission recognizing the importance of a lasting memorial of the State's Centenary, agreed to advance the sum of $1,500 for campaign purposes. Mr. Lannes McPhetridge

was chosen publicity agent for the State Park Memorial Commission. This Commission consisted of Richard Lieber, Chairman; Sol S. Kiser, Treasurer; L. M. Rappaport, Secretary; Dr. Frank B. Wynn, and Mrs. Juliet V. Strauss.

The first meeting was held March 18, 1916. The Commission met daily and carried on the campaign with great energy and success. A joint committee of the Indianapolis Board of Trade and the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce lent splendid assistance, and the work was spurred on by the fact that Turkey Run was soon to be sold at public auction.

Great thanks is due to the press of the State and especially to the papers of Indianapolis who gave an extraordinary amount of space to the realization of the project.

The date of the sale of the Lusk estate was set for May 18, 1916. As the park had been appraised at only $18,000, and they had raised over $20,000 the Commission anticipated little competition for the purchase of the tract. They reckoned without their host. Several of the Lusk heirs had determined to keep the property within the family and to bid high enough to do so. They intended to continue to operate the park as a resort, as it was at that time a profitable investment. Several lumber companies who had long cast covetous eyes at the timber also determined to bid high. Hence, though none of the parties knew it beforehand, there were to be high stakes played and lost before any of them got possession of the coveted property.

The day of the sale dawned clear and beautiful. Public interest in the sale was intense, for the Turkey Run Commission had created great interest in the purchase of the park for the State. J. R. Burks, of Rockville, cried the sale. The bidding commenced in the presence of over 2,000 people, all tensely awaiting the outcome of the sale. Leo M. Rappaport did the bidding for the State. The State ran the bid up to $30,100, and amid the most breathless excitement. Joseph Gross, representing the Hoosier Veneer Company, bid $30,200, and was declared the purchaser. It was a sadly beaten crowd that filed slowly away from the beautiful park they had been interested in so long, for they thought there was now no chance for the State ever to get possession of it.

The newspapers of the State gave the matter great publicity. Popular excitement, instead of abating, grew more

Path to Bathing Beach

intense, and Mr. Lieber determined to continue to raise subscriptions in the hope that enough might be raised so that the park could be bought from the Veneer company. The Hoosier Veneer Company bought the tract as an investment, so they

View Along Sugar Creek

offered it to the State under the following conditions: They would sell it untouched to the State at a profit to themselves; or they would cut a certain amount of the most desirable timber from the tract and turn it over to the State at the price they had paid for it. Meanwhile subscriptions had been

coming in, and the Park Commission had not yet given up hope of purchasing the park with the timber untouched.

The matter was definitely settled by the Legislature of 1917 appropriating $20,000 for the purchase and maintenance of a system of state parks, that amount to be used in conjunction with the one raised by popular subscription. The deal was definitely completed. Upon the payment of $40,200 the State of Indiana became sole owners of the famous Turkey Run tract forever. The dreams of Centennial Memorial Commission had come true at last. The day, November 11th, will be remembered, as two years later the date became of world-wide significance as Armistice Day.

From that time to the present, many improvements have been made in the park. It is the policy of the Department of Conservation not to attempt to impress the public by a large building program and showy improvements. The value and beauty of Turkey Run lie in its display of a primitive nature and the purpose of the Department is to conserve this natural beauty in its original state. Turkey Run was bought as a Centennial gift and it must therefore be our thought to preserve the spirit of 1816 rather than that of 1916. Perhaps the casual visitor does not notice nor does he realize the labor that has been expended and that is continually necessary for the upkeep and protection of the park, but he is reminded of the well conducted household where the daily care is not noticeable until it fails. As for example, a great deal of labor is necessary to clean up the trash left and the damage done by the immense crowds which visit the park each week. How much could be saved in that direction if each visitor would consider himself or herself a Committee on Order.

On arrival at the park you are greeted by an entrance gate of massive construction—built in pioneer fashion of sassafras logs with the bark left on—fitted with axe and adze and held together by wooden pegs. It is an appropriate harbinger of the nativity and pioneer aspect of the interior.

One enters upon a plateau of several acres, where is situated the hotel and camping grounds. The area is well covered with magnificent beech, oak and tulip trees casting their great shadows on the lawn in beautiful play of light and shade. These trees have reached the zenith of their life and are gradually giving way to the inroads of decay and storm,

The New Hotel

as though they objected to the play of civilization about their feet.

The new hotel is situated in the midst of this grove. It is a large brick structure completed in July, 1919, equipped with electric lights and running water. The first floor is given over to a large assembly room where visitors may gather for rest and dancing. For cool evenings there is a mammoth fireplace which invites a story-telling circle.

The Original Dining-room, Kitchen and Refreshment Stand

In the basement is a dining-room capable of seating 100 guests. Mrs. Luke's kitchen is noted for its wholesome, well cooked food, which is served in abundance. Wednesday and Sunday are marked by great platters of fried chicken.

On the second floor are guest rooms which look out upon the grove on all sides. Hot nights are unknown at the park, for there is always a cool breeze that starts about sunset out of the deep shady canyons. Simple furnishings, clean-smelling sheets, soft beds, mark the cleanly comfort of the guest rooms. A modern bathroom with hot and cold running water is at hand. All the convenience and comforts of a city hotel are to be found here in the midst of virgin landscape.

The brick from which the hotel is built, and most of the furniture used, was made by dependents lodged in various state institutions. It is an object lesson on the use of public charges for the benefit of the public.

To the northwest of the hotel the plateau runs out into a point, which is caused by Turkey Run Hollow on the left and Sugar Creek on the right. Here, high above the water, one may look down over Sugar Creek to where it disappears in the west. The sunset viewed from this point is awe-inspiring in its beauty and grandeur, hence the name, Sunset Point.

Situated on this point is a splendid specimen of pioneer log cabin, which nestles at the foot of a sturdy oak. During a storm in the fall of 1917, Mr. Richard Lieber made a wrong turning on his way from Turkey Run. While finding his way back to the correct road he happened upon the log cabin which now stands on Sunset Point. There were two cabins in the vicinity and when the owner of the better one was approached with the idea of buying he would not part with it because he needed it for a shed. At the time State Farm prisoners were at work in the park. These were put to work and a shed built for the cabin owner at the cost of about $85.00. For this shed the State received the cabin. This is the third location of the cabin, for it originally stood in Howard Township, Range 7 West, Section 25. One year later Mr. Lieber made an attempt to get the other cabin of lesser value, as a relic, but found that it had been used the previous spring for firewood to cook sugar.

The log cabin was moved and replaced in its original form in the Park. It is one of the oldest of its kind in the State, having been built in the early forties. The old cabin was built by Daniel Gay, an old bachelor, who hewed the logs and erected the home on the ground where the massive poplar tress were in abundance. In these days there were no modern tools or devices to shape or move the logs and Daniel Gay, with the occasional assistance of a neighbor, built the structure with tools consisting only of an ax, an adze, a drawknife and frow.

In the reconstruction of the cabin, great care has been taken to retain its original appearance. Mr. Lieber and Superintendent Luke sought the advice of the older folk in the community and worked from their recollection, until

they have restored to the citizens of Indiana a true reproduction of the pioneer days. Very few new parts were necessary in replacing the building, as the great specimens of timbers used in the original construction were in a good state of preservation, and with the protection now given them will last another century. Where it was necessary to replace parts of the building, the men in charge of it went about their work in a manner and with tools which were used in the days when Daniel Gay built his home. With but few concessions in the direction of its preservation the cabin is an exact reproduction of pioneer architecture. Where any differences exist it is to bring about a longer life to the cabin.

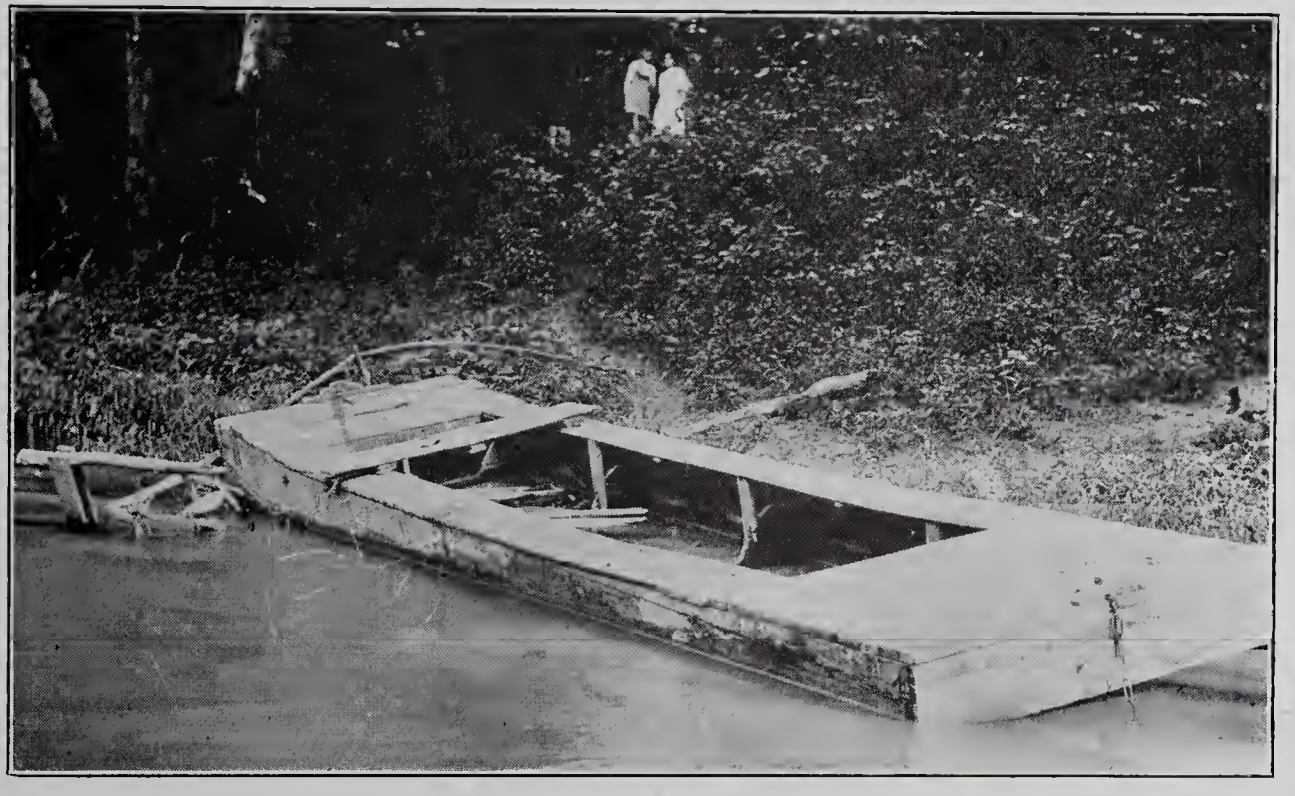
The cabin contains timber which cannot be had in these days. The trees from which the huge logs were taken were of the finest specimens. There are logs in the structure 30 feet in length, 34 inches wide and 6 inches thick, all of yellow poplar. All the doors, window casings and the huge mantel are made of black walnut; the floors are of poplar, supported by hewed oak logs and the loft is supported by hewed poles. The boards in the doors are fastened to the cross-pieces with wooden pins and the doors are hung on wooden hinges and fastened with a wooden latch. The furniture consists of beds and a great table of black walnut—built in the substantial form of pioneer types.

One of the most interesting features of the cabin is the old-fashioned fireplace. Its "Cat-and-Clay" chimney is the subject of comment by the old pioneers of this section, who claim that Mr. Luke, with his assistants, has erected a monument which vividly recalls to their memory the olden days. Particular care had to be taken in the construction of the old fireplace, and in order to get the proper material, the builders went in search among the crags of Turkey Run and hewed away great blocks of stone that would serve for the chimney base. In this they held to the spirit of former days and did their work with crude tools, and after obtaining suitable material for their work they loaded the great stones on sleds and dragged them across the creek. It was a difficult task to bring the stone up the steep hill to the place where it was to be used, but they labored persistently until their efforts were crowned with success. The stones placed at the base of the chimney were taken from the abutment of the old bridge, and as a matter of interest it may be recorded that they were originally

Log Cabin on Sunset Point

quarried where they now find their resting place. The chimney is daubed with a mixture of cement and lime in imitation of the original straw and clay and is "fenced" in with split sticks of white walnut laid one on top of the other.

There is no particular history connected with the cabin, other than its antiquity. Daniel Gay was a quiet, law-abiding citizen, who, thru disappointment in love in his early manhood, lived his bachlor, lonely life until of old age in his



The Old Ferry

quiet home in the center of the forest, and altho the cabin stood in the locality where the "Knights of the Golden Circle" operated during the Civil War, nothing of a sensational nature connects the cabin with the doings of this organization.

There is housed in the cabin a valuable collection of pioneer farming and household utensils presented to the State by Mr. E. M. Laird of Hillsboro, Indiana. The collection contains specimens extremely rare today. Among the articles are a flax raker, wooden plow, ox-yoke, spinning-wheels, various firearms, Dutch oven, pewter utensils and sieves of various mesh.

The plate of a beautiful ten-foot black walnut table, as

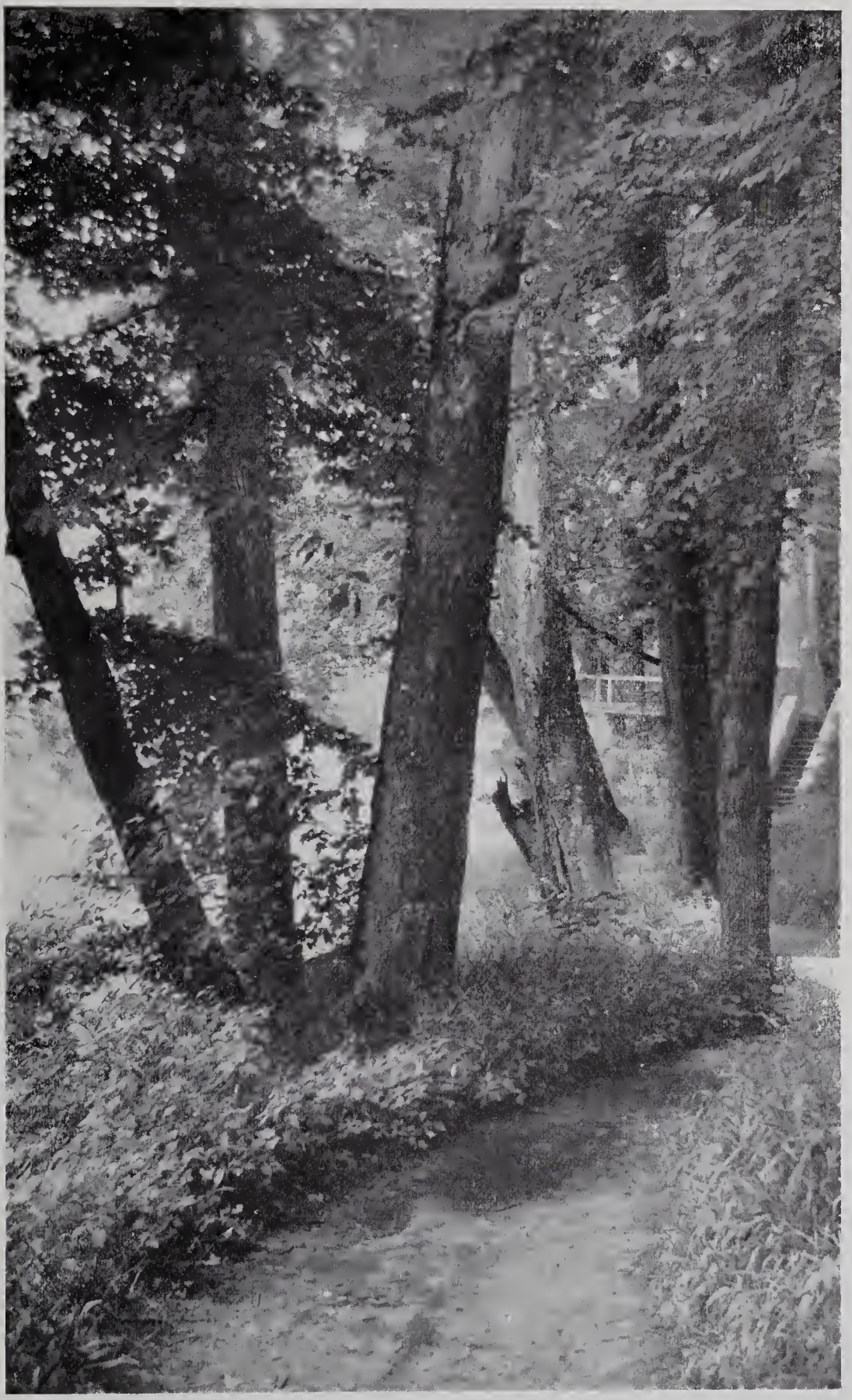
well as the sides and legs, were presented by Mr. James D. Maris, and the table built as a further donation by Mr. George L. Maas. The trees from which the veneer was made stood east of the hanging bridge.

Surrounding the plateau on three sides are the deep ravines of Sugar Creek and Turkey Run Hollow, which are the real scenic attraction of the park. The visitor descends the steep hill into the ravine by a series of steps cut into the face of the slope.

The Old Swinging Bridge

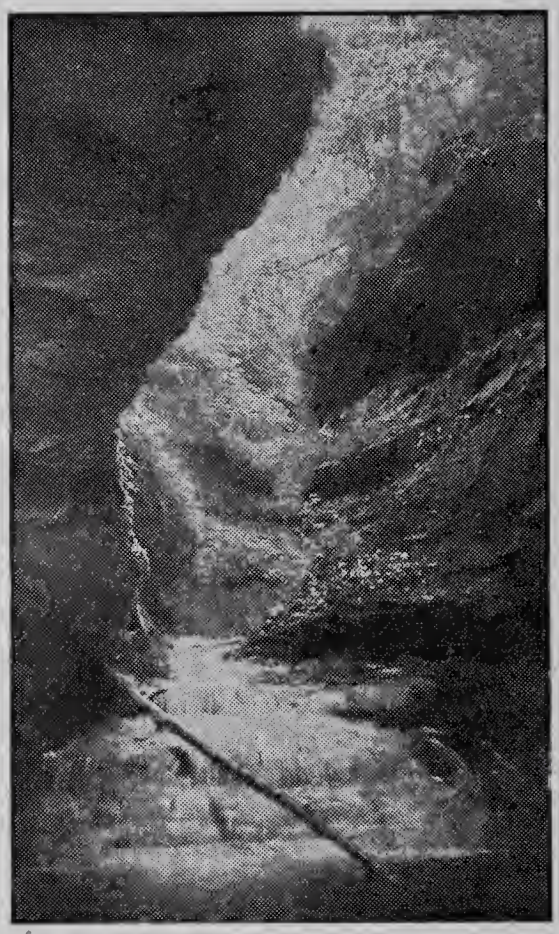
Step softly! You are in "Lovers' Lane." Here on the banks of this clear and limpid stream stretches a lane of such trees as one never saw before, winding in and out, following the meandering of the stream. Dark and cool, the gloom of this forest path is the paradise of lovers. No wonder it is called "Lovers' Lane!"

For more than thirty years the same square, flat-bottom scow was used to ferry passengers across Sugar Creek to Rocky Hollow. During its term of service the old scow carried thousands of passengers. Later, a swinging bridge of questionable strength, built by home talent, was thrown across



Lovers' Lane and Swinging Bridge

the creek at this point. This finally was considered as unsafe. In the fall of 1918 a new and permanent structure was erected by the Lafayette Engineering Company. This bridge, which is beautiful in design, is 4 feet wide and is swung on steel cables 1⅞ inches in diameter. On the north side of the creek it is anchored in natural rock. On the south side a concrete tower supports the cables and they are carried on to



Scene in Rocky Hollow

a 50-ton base of concrete, buried well back from the creek. Much credit is due Mr. Wallace Marshall of Lafayette, who built the bridge at cost.

Rocky Hollow is the beauty spot in this whole tract of natural beauty. Here one of the tributaries of Sugar Creek has hewn its tortuous course through many feet of solid limestone. One stands before a solid wall of limestone almost a hundred feet high, through which in the ages past the little creek cut its path on the long journey to the sea. The sky seems stretched like a curtain from the top of one perpen-

dicular cliff to another. The crevices in the rocks bear thousands of luxuriant ferns.

"Wedge Rock" is one of the sights of Rocky Hollow. It is a huge prism-shaped rock which in the centuries it has taken to carve out the hollow, fell from the top of the cliff and remained upright in the position in which it fell. One can not but fear that the same thing may happen again, and that a piece of the beetling cliffs above him may try to repeat the experiment while he himself is beneath them. That the falling of this huge stone took place long ago is shown by the tree which has taken root and grown in a crevice in the rock. How it finds sustenance with its roots in the solid rock is a mystery.

The hollow becomes narrower and more tortuous as one ascends. The cliffs hang more closely together overhead, and the atmosphere takes on a coldness that the fiercest heat of summer is never able to dispel. Water bubbling through the openings in the rocks leaves bright yellow stains on their faces. One shivers and begins to want to get back into the regions of sunshine and free dry atmosphere. But the end of the hollow is reached at last. Here one runs against an almost perpendicular wall over which a small cold stream of water falls, to sink itself into the almost circular pool hollowed in the rock known as the "Devil's Bathtub."

The return is made slowly. One hesitates to leave this wonderland. Nor can one shake off the feeling of awe he always gets in the presence of immeasurable age. It has taken centuries to wear out this narrow hollow. When the Armies of the Republic were fighting the battles of the Revolution and the Rebellion, this spot was almost exactly as it is now. When our ancestors were children they would have seen this place as we see it now. When our grandchildren come here it will still be unchanged. Nature works her miracles slowly and with infinite patience. It makes one feel insignificant to stand in the presence of the works of nature which defy time to do its worst and win.

Back we come into the gorge of Sugar Creek, and breathe freely again in the sunshine, for in the hollow we have just left the sun has never shone.

As we come back into the ravine from which we started into Rocky Hollow we notice a large, round boulder lying in the stream, worn smooth by the erosion of many centuries.

Goose Rock

It is "Goose Rock." There is a legend connected with this rock, which, since no one has arisen to deny it, we can accept as the truth. It concerns Johnny Green, the last Indian in this county to live the wild life of his fathers. He often boasted of the fact that he had killed many women and children, and indeed he was greatly feared by the pioneer women who were so often left alone for a day as their husbands worked in the fields. Once when he boasted of his exploits to one of the pioneer settlers of this county he was soundly and deservedly thrashed. That night the pioneer was shot

Turkey Run Hollow

at twice from ambush. The next day he took his gun and "went hunting." Johnny Green was never seen again. When questioned our pioneer said he had last seen Green fishing on the Goose Rock, and that he had jumped up as if crazed and fell in the stream. Tradition has it that the white man had made away with the red one, but it was never proved. At any rate the community was better off for his disappearance, as he was an intolerable menace.

After returning to the creek again, we travel along its banks west for about a quarter of a mile, here we pause at the entrance of what is known as the "Devil's Ice Box." Strange

Sugar Creek from Sunset Point

name this, but there is a reason for it, as is the case with all the peculiar names of the different places connected with this great park. The "Devil's Ice Box" is perhaps one of the most difficult places in Turkey Run to reach; but difficult as it is to travel over the rough path to this place, it is well worth one's effort after the road has been traveled. This place, like all others, has played its part in the history of this park, for in the early days there was a gang of hog thieves that plied their trade along the banks of Sugar Creek, steal-

The Bridge at "The Narrows"

ing the farmers' hogs, butchering them and taking them to this place, which is shaped not unlike a huge ice box and stored them away until a sufficient number had been got to load a flatboat, when they were taken down the creek and to New Orleans, where they were disposed of. Ice box is a very appropriate name for this particular place, as it is impossible for the sun to ever cast its rays in this hole, and the atmosphere in there is always cold. One may go into this place the hottest of weather and after a short visit would feel very comfortable with an overcoat around him. This place, like "Bear Hollow," which we come to next, has seen

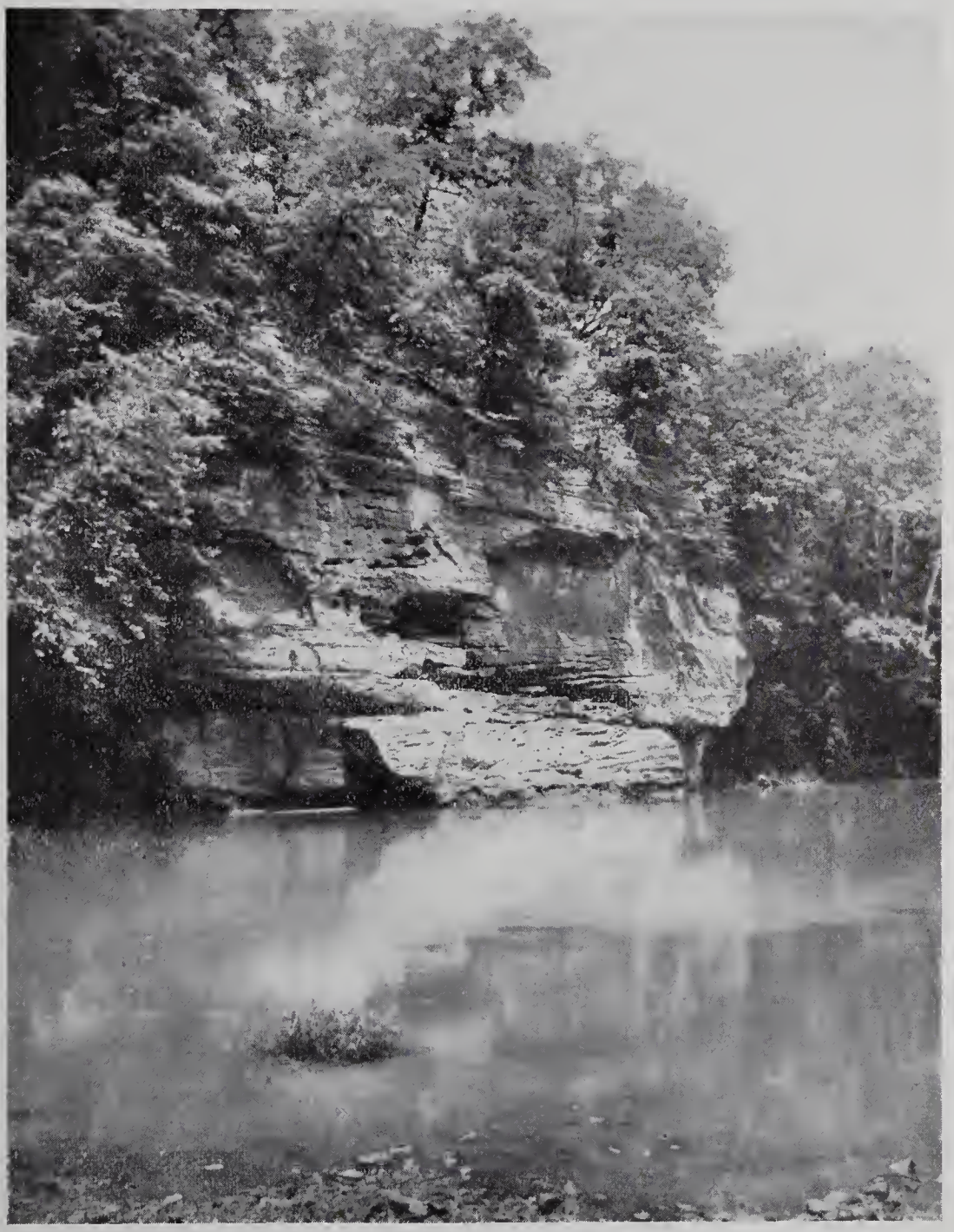
but few of the thousands of visitors to Turkey Run, but it is planned to make the way easier for the public to see them in the future and when they do they will perhaps open to view one of Mother Nature's greatest feats.

On leaving the "Devil's Ice Box" we continue our journey a short distance westward, where we come to the mouth of "Bear Hollow." This place is not unlike "Rocky Hollow," and it is more difficult to explore. This place, too, has its name from an actual occurrence that took place there in the early days. There lived in the neighborhood an old man by the name of Pithoud, who was a famous hunter along the banks of Sugar Creek, and who made his daily hunt over this ground and was very successful, for in these days game in this section was plentiful, but seldom it was that bear was to be found. Mr. Pithoud would leave his home in the early morning and make his rounds and his son would follow him later with a sleigh on which he brought home the game. On one of these occasions the old man came to the mouth of this ravine, when suddenly he found himself confronted with a large bear, and immediately a battle was on which lasted some time, and caused the old man many bruises, but he came out victorious and bagged his game. Hence the name of "Bear Hollow."

One may travel perhaps a quarter of a mile up this ravine and on all sides of the high wall of stone marvel at the wonderful works of time in carving out these beautiful pictures that come to one's view. All along the walls of stone from cracks that have come there in ages, beautiful ferns of deep rich color show themselves in all their magnificence to the eyes of the traveler. At the end of this ravine you are met with a solid rock which is unpassable and from which a strong flow of clear cool water makes its way over its rocky bed on to the creek. This place, like the "Devil's Ice Box," has thus far baffled the efforts of the camera man, for there has never been a photograph of this place taken that is known of. It is in this place that Nature has seemed to work overtime and to be jealous of its accomplishments, and made it impossible for the camera to convert to paper that which it has claimed for its own.

Even though it is the intention of the Department of Conservation to make these places accessible to the sightseer, one thing that has been abused by some people who have

come to this spot, is now absolutely prohibited, as is that of carrying off of ferns from any of the grounds connected with the park. No more will the ghouls mar this sacred place with their tools that make only to destroy the beauty as God in His goodness has seen fit to give to the people of Indiana. No more will the man with the chisel and hammer be found in these grounds, defacing the massive stones that have stood



Hawk's Nest

there for centuries untouched by the red man who first found this Garden of Eden, and who seemed to have more respect for the great works of the Supreme Being than many men of today. The one who said that "Fools' names and faces are often seen in public places," must have had in mind just such a place as this when he wrote the thought, for surely it is an appropriate phrase in this instance, as only the ignorant and vulgar would find pleasure in thus defacing the magnificence of this work of Nature.

On our return to the main grounds, we wander to the

Devil's Ice Box

northwest a short distance when we begin to make our descent down a steep incline at the foot of which stretches a small beach and leads to the wonderful swimming pool. In this place thousands of campers find the clear water a treat after a day's fishing or a tour of the park. The pool is especially appropriate for a place of this kind, for water of almost any depth can be found here and the one who is a novice at the art of swimming can find water to suit his taste as well as the professional who is more desirous of the deeper water. The bottom of the pool is a floor of rock which is smooth and clean, a feature which adds to the pleasure of the bather.

Just around the corner of a large stone we find ourselves entering the canyon of "Turkey Run," the beauty spot from which this now famous place gets its name. In the early days this place was the roost of thousands of wild turkeys, who found refuge in the crevices of the great walls of rock. Perhaps the first reason for the name was at one time when a party of hunters were in this region hunting, they came upon a large flock of the birds, possibly the largest that has ever been seen here, when they gave chase to them they made their way for the canyon and finally disappeared mysteriously, but so completely that the hunters were unable to find their prey. Just how they managed to get out, or where they went is a mystery to this day, and is evidence that even yet there is some place in this famous bit of nature that has never been explored, for the turkeys got away, and though the hunters worked all day to find their way of retreat they were unable to do so, nor has any other human being been able to explain the mystery.

Turkey Run Canyon is perhaps one-half mile long and about one hundred feet wide. Between the great massive rocks trinkles a small stream that is fed by the many springs of clear, cool water which come from cracks in the rock. In this gorge stands what is said to be one of the finest specimens of poplar trees that is to be found today, and it is one of the great sights that meets the eyes of the visitor who comes to this part of the park. This canyon is popular with the tourist who visits Turkey Run because of the great beauty of the rocks and the thousands of ferns and hemlock trees that are to be found there. This canyon is easier to travel than Rocky Hollow or Bear Hollow, but is scarcely inferior in grandeur

Rocky Hollow—Wedge Rock

than the ones mentioned. Here another tributary of the larger Sugar Creek has cut its canyon. The turnpike crosses the gorge at the deepest part in a magnificent concrete arch

Sycamore Grove

nearly one hundred feet above the little stream below. In Turkey Run Canyon one crosses the widest footlog that ever served as a bridge. The bridge was formed by cutting down a tree conveniently located on the bank. As the tree hap-

pened to be crooked the effect of crossing it is fearful. The cliffs covered with a thin green moss rise straight, a narrow, crooked path ascends the face of them, and provides a climb that is well worth the effort when the summit is gained and the long, straight reach of Sugar Creek opens to view.

Upon leaving the park we travel east about a mile, where we come to another great acquirement of the State in the "Narrows" and the old Lusk homestead. There is a thrilling

Lusk House from Across Sugar Creek

bit of history connected with this place, a part of which we give in detail:

Turkey Run, as stated, was settled by Salmon Lusk, a Vermonter, who drifted west in the early days and who did his full share in helping to found a new commonwealth in the wilderness. He was a soldier under Gen. William Henry Harrison, and in the Harrison army he marched up the Wabash river valley against the Indians, fighting under the Harrison banner at the battle of Tippecanoe.

The Lusk home consists of a two-story front, having two rooms below and two above, with a lower and upper hall. From the lower hall a black walnut stairway leads to the

rooms above. The rooms are large and have an old-fashioned wood fireplace and mantel. The house is finished inside with black walnut and the floors are of oak and yellow poplar. All the wood came from the farm.

Salmon Lusk set up his mill at the "Narrows" as soon as possible. As usual at such places in early Indiana times, this mill was the starting point of much business activity. Stores were built, and pork packing and other primitive manufacturing plants were started. Flatboats were constructed and loaded with the products of the little business settlement for New Orleans and other southern points, the boats moving down Sugar Creek to the river. The business activity continued until 1847, when the great flood in Sugar Creek carried the mill into the gorge and wrecked it and swept most of the other buildings away. The dam in the creek was in the wreckage and the busy activities of the hamlet of Lusk's Mills were gone forever.

The brick for the Lusk homestead, now one of the pioneer landmarks of western Indiana, were made by Salmon Lusk and burned on the ground, and they are as hard and as well preserved today as they were when they first left the kiln. The present brick house was erected on the site of the old cabin in 1841.

To the memory of its owner the Nature Study Club of Indiana in the summer of 1919, affixed a tablet to the left of the entrance bearing the legend: "To the memory of John Lusk, who saved the Trees of Turkey Run."

In the days of the Civil War the Knights of the Golden Circle, an organization which favored the Southern cause, gave considerable trouble in this part of Indiana, and it became necessary at one time to call out the home guard to prevent a raid on Rockville, the county seat. One company of the guard was stationed at the Narrows for some time, and Salmon Lusk, who was a loyal Union man, took good care of them during their entire stay, furnishing food for men and horses and refusing to accept a cent pay for it.

In sketching some of the historical things that connect with Turkey Run, one must not overlook the old Lusk Tavern which stood at the "Narrows of Sugar Creek", in the fork of the roads, when this place supported a store, a grist mill and was the trading point of the settlers for many miles around.

From this old Tavern, come tales that would make the ordinary man of today shudder, as he hears how fortunes were won and lost in a single day at this place, how schemes were hatched and carried out. Pioneers traveling down Sugar Creek, by raft to the Wabash, with their cargos of meat and

Lusk Home

grain, which they took to New Orleans to market would stop here for refreshments, and it has been told more than once that at this place valuable cargos have changed hands in an hour's play with cards.

Traces of the old Tavern are still there, just across the road from the old mill site, and old residents in the community

today recall many extraordinary events which occurred there. A piece of the old hewn sill now serves as steps to the log cabin in the Park.

Salmon Lusk died when his son John was a comparatively young man and the son acquired the estate. John Lusk never married, but lived a hermit's life in the old brick house until his death four years ago. He was very devoted to the memory of his parents and at his death, which occurred forty years after that of his mother, her wearing apparel was still hanging where she had last hung the garments. The son never permitted any one to touch them. He lived alone all these years, with not even the company of a faithful dog. He seemed to desire no other comradeship than his beloved books and papers and the memories of those he loved who long since had gone before.

Is it any wonder that stirring tales of "haunts" are told about this pioneer home, which sits in lonely grandeur on its pine-clad hill, where the only sounds are those of the winds playing in the tall tree tops and the enchanting sounds of the waters of Sugar Creek as the stream rushes through the Narrows, hurrying down to join the Wabash.

So when the people of Indiana signified a desire to acquire Turkey Run and make it a part of the Centennial park system they preserved one of Hoosierdom's richest scenic spots, to save the place also as a perpetual monument to the kind of honest, sturdy citizenship that has made our State great among the States of the Union.

Conclusion

Turkey Run is a heritage from Indiana's pioneers to present and future generations. It has no peer as a scenic spot in the mid-west. Let all true Hoosiers make a pilgrimage to the spot that is a relic of pioneer Indiana. It is one of the very few virgin tracts remaining in the State and is preserved and maintained by the State for the recreation and education of the public. Here is beauty, the unusual, rest, quiet and sport awaiting your pleasure. Make it your summer outing place. Bring your children to it that they may see the country as their great grandfathers knew it.

A Tribute to Juliet V. Strauss

(The Country Contributor.)

By William Herschell.

No memory-memorial of the battle to save Turkey Run is complete in its sweetness without one noble niche dedicated to Juliet V. Strauss, the gallant little woman of Rockville

whose sturdiness of soul was one of the strong factors in the fight. She must be forever memorialized for the part she played in saving Turkey Run for future generations. She

brought important influence to bear in the gaining of the final happy result—a rescued Turkey Run!

How well I remember her on that trying day when it seemed all had been lost; when the auctioneer had said his final "Gone!" and Turkey Run passed into the hands of those who, for the dollars of today, would wreck a State's happiness tomorrow. We met on that beautiful path that skirts Sugar Creek—Rock River she liked to call it. Her eyes were stained with the tears of a heavy regret. Turkey Run, the playground of her childhood and of her own children, was to be swept away by the woodman's axe.

"I am sick of soul," she said. "Who would have dreamed that a few men's dollars could step in and destroy all this, the most beautiful spot in all Indiana, one that all the money in the world could not restore once it is gone?"

And then the tears came again, but it seemed to me they were fighting tears, the kind the bravest warrior sheds when he is going into battle. The next thing I knew she was again in line with Richard Lieber and his little company, renewing the fight that has saved most of Turkey Run from destruction.

There was something wonderfully fascinating about a stroll through Turkey Run with Mrs. Strauss. She seemed to know every bough in its great group of great trees. The springs, the rocks, the little bypaths were all her intimate friends. She knew the lore, the legends of the place. She had a fund of amusing stories about things that had happened there in the years since she was a girl. She had stories, too, that her grandmother had told of pioneer days in Indiana's nature-paradise. Her sense of humor was one of her richest traits and it was a delight to hear her tell the stories and laugh heartily as she lived them all over again.

Turkey Run was the religion of Juliet V. Strauss. She held that the woods were God's first temples and she worshipped there. I remember her well in her home, where she knew how to make a welcome generous, but it was at Turkey Run that I shall maintain my happiest memory of how her fighting spirit was born to save the woods she loved.

Upper End of Rocky Hollow

Trees and Wild Flowers of Turkey Run

The trees of the park are only a remnant of the primeval forest that covered practically the whole of Indiana. The species are typical of the forests of the greater part of the State, and a list of the principal ones are contained in this article.

Yellow Poplar or Tulip Tree. Here are found the greatest number of large trees of this type in this State. Along the tops of the high bluffs are found the Hemlock, commonly called Fir, which is one of the rarest trees in the State and is here found in great abundance. Along the creek where the ground is damp may be found the Black Willow, Cottonwood, Pignut Hickory, Big Shellbark Hickory, Blue or Water Beech, a small tree of no economic importance, White Elm, Sycamore, Box Elder and Black Haw.

The Sycamore is a frequent tree along the creek and it is believed there is no place in Indiana where so many trees of this type may be seen so closely spaced as is found just south of the footbridge. It is a magnificent array of large trees and one of the sights to be seen at Turkey Run.

The Black Walnut may be found along the bottom lands, never in groups but occurring only as isolated trees. It is found here of magnificent size. The White Walnut or Butternut is also found here situated in the coves and along the creek.

Some of the smaller trees to be found are the Wild Crab Apple, which is very beautiful in bloom. The Juneberry or Service tree, Red Haws, Wild Plum, Dogwood, Pawpaw and Red Bud or Judas tree, which puts out lavender blossoms early in the spring, and the Black Haw. On higher ground may be found White Hickory, Black Hickory, Red Cedar, Large-toothed Aspen, Beech, Red or Slippery Elm, Sugar Maple, Black Maple, Buckeye, Linn or Basswood, White Ash and Blue Ash.

One of the most common of the large trees in Indiana is the White Oak, which is found frequently in the park. This

is one of the most important trees in the world because of its many uses. Many of the White Oaks in Turkey Run were in their "teens" when Columbus discovered America. Burr and Red Oak may be found. In the lower lands are found Hackberry of great size and Honey Locust of wonderful beauty.

Wild flowers are found in great numbers and variety in Turkey Run. The crests of the high hills, the precipitous slopes, the deep ravines, the well protected coves and the the alluvial bottoms all have their special flora which contributes so much to the wealth of wild life.

The first thing to be seen in the spring is the Harbinger Spring and the Snow Trillium on the upper slopes of deep ravines. In great profusion and quick procession come the yellow flower of the Moose or Leather wood, Rue Anemone, Liverwort, White and Purple Cress, Spring Beauty, Bloodroot, Yellowroot, Pepper-root, Buttercups, Purple and Yellow Violets, White and Maroon Trilliums, the Yellow Corydalis, the Dutchman's Breeches, Squirrel Corn, Yellow flowers of the Buckeye, Wild Ginger, Wild Anemone, False Rue Anemone, Marsh Cowslip, Wild Blue Phlox, Greek Valerian, Lousewort, Blue-eyed Mary, Moccasin Flower, smooth and hairy Rock Cresses, White Baneberry, White and Yellow Dog-Toothed Violets, Twin-leaf, Spice Bush, Yellow Poppy, May Apple, Great Chickweed, Nodding Chickweed, and Wild Stonecrop.

The succession of flowering beauties is continuous and knows no calendar. After the first spring flowers which have been enumerated come the Wild Columbine with its bright pink flowers high up on the cliffs. Then come Bishop's Cap, Alum Root, white and fragrant blossoms of the Wild Plum and Wild Crab, the White Bladdernut, Bluebells, Water-leafs and Synandra.

Most of the midsummer flowers are rather inconspicuous, but in late summer and autumn come the cone flowers some of which are called Nigger-heads and Black-eyed Susan, the Indian Cup plant appears along the creek, Asters of many varieties and in great abundance occur everywhere. Goldenrod is found in profusion and with it the tall Ironweed, Joe-Pye weed, Boneset and Milk-sick weed. The Spanish needles are beautiful in flower, but a nuisance when the seeds ripen, like the many tick trefoils and beggar lice. There also occur

Wild Lettuce, Lobelias, Sunflowers, Foxglove and the slender Gerardias. Along the creek may be found the parasite, Beech-drops and Cancer-root, the Dodder climbing over the coarser weeds and fastening its yellow tentacles into the host of its choice. Bringing up the rear comes the spreading Dogbane, Pleurisy root, Mountain Mint, Pennyroyal, Wild Bergamot, Wood Sage, Skullcap and Bellflower.

The Geological History of Turkey Run

The geology of Turkey Run may be said to have begun when the great masses of sandstone in which the gorge is carved, were deposited on the borders of the great inland sea which covered a large area during the period when coal was being formed. After the deposition of this sandstone, which is called the Mansfield, by geologists, the great sea became shallow and shallow marshes and basins were formed over the sandstone. In these basins vegetation accumulated, was finally buried under other rocks and later transformed into coal, under the great pressure which resulted. Following this came Marine conditions—that is, the same condition that exists under the sea now, until several hundred feet of sediment had been deposited above the great layer of Mansfield sandstone. Later the sea was withdrawn permanently and land conditions prevailed. Then followed a long period of erosion and washing away, during which time great layers containing coal, hundreds of feet in thickness, which overlay the sandstone, were removed. The reader will realize that we are talking, not in hundreds or thousands of years, but in ages, when we speak of these various phases.

Ages went by ushering in new events. The climate gradually changed until it became very cold, similar to the present Arctic condition, until, upon the eroded surface of Mansfield sandstone, there rested thousands of feet of ice which, moving slowly southward, cut deeply into the Mansfield surface upon which it rested. Again the climate became mild, the ice retreated and finally disappeared, but when the ice came southward it necessarily brought with it a great amount of loose gravel and sand and clay and boulders which it left

upon the surface of the earth when it melted and retreated. This is the so-called glacial drift. It filled the valleys which had existed before its coming and destroyed the former system of drainage. New streams were formed and a complete new system of drainage established itself on this surface.

Sugar Creek was one of these new streams and became a part of the new drainage system, cutting its way easily through the glacial drift which had been deposited and on through into the sandstone below. The water from the surface of the region which flowed into Sugar Creek was concentrated by a depression at a certain point which was the beginning of Turkey Run. Through thousands and thousands of years this water ate into the sandstone and lengthened and deepened the gorge. The upper layer of the sandstone was more resistant due to the fact that it was cemented together by iron compounds so that the gorge was not widened as rapidly as it was deepened. The erosion of the softer layer underneath has been hastened by the flow of ground water and cracking and splitting due to freezing which results in the gorge often being wider at the bottom than at the top.

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Park Rules

To assist in keeping order in the Park and maintaining its beauty, the Department of Conservation has found it necessary to publish and enforce certain rules of conduct.

It is prohibited to pick ferns and wild flowers in the Park. They are one of the Park's chief beauties, and although the amount picked by one person seems small, the great number which would be taken away by the thousands who visit the Park makes the rule necessary.

Fires may only be built in places designated by the Park Superintendent. This rule is to prevent the great damage caused to trees by building fires near the base of the trunk or where the heat ascends and affects the branches.

It is requested that all waste paper and trash will be thrown into the large wire baskets which are provided for this purpose.

It is prohibited to deface the rocks and canyon walls by inscribing initials and figures upon them.

Automobiles will only be parked in the space provided. There is ample parking space, and if cars were allowed to park at any point the roots of trees would be damaged and the lawns would soon be gone, with a great loss to the beauty of the picnic grounds.

Each person entering the Park is charged an Admission Fee of Ten Cents. The fee is not large enough to prohibit anybody from coming, but at the same time the Department is largely dependent upon the funds from gate admissions for the maintenance of the Park. The money is used for a definite purpose in adding more comfort.

Visitors to the Park will assist greatly in observing these Necessary Rules, and their kindly co-operation will be greatly appreciated by the Department of Conservation.

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